



Dots and Dashes from the Land We Live In.

The little flock of U. E. Loyalists who settled the wilds of the Eastern Townships, was not without its black sheep.—In Dunham, Barnston and Compton, were small bands of desperadoes who had acquired a certain amount of learning sufficient to enable them to read other peoples' correspondence, and to forge their names. In the Township of Compton a small gang of these ruffians had their rendezvous at a wayside tavern kept by one J. T., where they concocted and transacted their business, which varied in its scope all the way from cheating at cards to robbery and murder. But their principal occupation was that of counterfeiting, or cognizing, as they called it, bank bills and Mexican dollars, and so expert were they and so complete was their organization, that the banks in the neighboring Republic suffered to a great extent, and took steps in conjunction with the colonial authorities, which finally resulted in breaking up the nefarious trade and in bringing some of the culprits to book.

The most notorious of these was a certain Adolphus, or "Dolph" Barker, who was sentenced to life imprisonment for a daring robbery at the house of one Whit-cher, near Compton village. I recollect Barker as a man of imposing, and when sober, of gentlemanlike exterior. He was a hard rider, hard drinker and a great swearer. After a short time, however, he managed to escape to the United States, where, it is said, he ultimately received his deserts, the gallows.

One good custom of our forefathers was to have "bees" or reunions for mutual help. There were "raising bees," for the erection of frame and log houses and barns, "logging bees," for the clearing of lands, "husking bees," for husking Indian corn, and "quilting bees," for making of quilts, comfortable and indescribable. What fun was indulged in at those quilting bees! such scrambles and pricked fingers and hearty laughter and innocent kisses! many a young couple got entangled into the silken matrimonial mesh by means of these same quilting bees—real honey bees without their sting.

The "husking bee" was always looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation. The young people would troop to the barn, pair off around the rustling heap of stocks, and the pile of yellow corn would grow into a mountain of gold under the manipulations of deft fingers, chaff and merriment.

The husking finished, the merry band of huskers would repair to the farmhouse, where a bountiful repast awaited them, the tables loaded with cakes, apples and cider which were eagerly and quickly dispatched. Then the tables and benches were huddled into a corner, chairs placed into the capacious hearth for the old folks, the fiddle was tuned and in a trice the lads and lasses would be jumping, whirling and cutting "the pigeon-wing, to the tune of "Flowers of Michigan," "Money-musk," and "Hunt-the-Squirrel." Oh! for the good old times!!!

In one of my autumn rambles, this month, I sought, but without success, the stump of a pine which was cut fifty years ago, the butt log of which measured six feet in diameter. It was drawn to Smith's mill (Waterville now) on a sled drawn by three yoke of oxen driven

by a man called Washington Moore.—The pine was cut into lumber by an old fashioned upright frame saw and produced a large quantity of planks and boards, but the process was slow and the waste in slabs, &c., would have driven a modern sawyer crazy.

I said that I failed to find the stump of the old pine, but I did find on the property of Mr. Duncan Kerr, at the farther end of the same brûlé, a cedar, sound, though hoary, which measures thirteen feet and seven inches in circumference.

Many were the changes I marked during my ramble. Not a living tree of any value was left where once they had been plentiful; all timber of any value had been cut and taken away, and in its place were groves of scrub poplar, larch, balsam and cedar, forming an almost impenetrable jungle. The debris of the stripped monarchs of the forest lay everywhere in confused heaps; monuments of the cupidity of man.

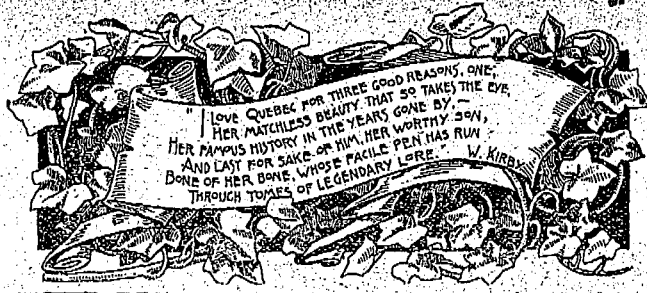
Splendid cover, one might think, for grouse; but I found none, with the exception of one solitary old cock, whose

JAMES McPHERSON LE MOINE.

The name of JAMES McPHERSON LE MOINE has so long been associated with the history, archaeology, botany, ornithology, fisheries, chase, legendary lore, old customs and rites, of his native province, Quebec, through his numerous works on these various subjects, that he is regarded as the main authority on them, and his beautiful home, Spencer Grange, is the Mecca to which the historian, student, antiquarian, and men of letters of this continent and Europe turn their footsteps when visiting Quebec. Many of them have acknowledged their indebtedness to Mr. LeMoine for the inspiration and data upon which they have built their superstructures of romance or history. The most powerful novel ever written by a Canadian novelist, *Le Chien d'Or*, by William Kirby, was founded upon facts gathered by Mr. LeMoine into a sketch with the same title. But let us tell the story in Mr. Kirby's own words: "When I was in Quebec, in 1865, I bought a copy of your 'Maple Leaves,'



J. M. LE MOINE



conjugal drumming salutation was a sound of the past through enforced widowhood and extinct paternity. The Brûlé brook, which forty years ago yielded the largest and finest brook trout in the whole township, was depleted of the noble game fish, and swarmed with ugly black chub. Everywhere the traces of the poacher and pot-hunter!

I left the wood disgusted and sorrowful, but upon emerging into a beautiful field of stubble, the strength, denseness and brightness of which, spoke of a garnered crop of golden grain; when upon scaling the fence into a rich green pasture, I saw the sleek high-bred cows, the clean limbed, spirited colts and fillies, and fat heavy-fleeced outswold sheep, my sportive proclivities and sentimental love of woodcraft had to give way to the realities of practical life; *Sylvanus had to resign his realms to Ceres and Pan.*

My resignation to "the powers that be" became confirmed by the good old fashioned hospitality of mine host, the owner and farmer of the oasis just described.—He, a shrewd canny Scotchman and his better-half, a thrifty hospitable daughter of New England.

CALESTIGAN.

occasional peculiar idiomatic phrase that spoils the harmony of the sentence. Every allowance should be made, however, when we take into consideration the foregoing facts, besides this, Mr. LeMoine lays no claim to elegance of diction, for as he says in the preface to one of his books: "It is less fine writing and elaborate sentences I aim at, than a familiar narrative." The value of his life work cannot be overestimated in its important bearing on the future literary and historical productions of Lower Canada.

Mr. LeMoine was born in Quebec in 1825. He is of mixed parentage, his father being French and his mother a Scotch-Canadian. He was educated at the seminary of that city. He adopted the profession of law and practised for some years as an advocate with W. H. Kerr, but having a pronounced taste for literature, he accepted the position of Inspector of Inland Revenue at Quebec, and gave up his leisure to the muse. On five separate occasions did the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, founded by Lord Dalhousie, elect Mr. LeMoine its president. Upon the founding of the Royal Society of Canada, by Lord Lorne, Mr. LeMoine was called to the presidency of the French section for two terms. He is also an honorary member of many other societies of learning all over the world.

To enumerate here all of Mr. LeMoine's writings, would exceed our space but his more important works are the following: "*L'Ornithologie du Canada*," "*Les Pêcheries du Canada*," "*Maple Leaves, 1863-1864-1865*," "*Quebec Past and Present*," "*Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*," "*Picture-quebec*," "*L'Album du Touriste*," "*The Scot in New France*," "*Monographies et Esquisses*." Another work is now in press, "*Chasse et Pêche*," to appear sometime in May.

Mr. LeMoine's writings are not only a storehouse of information and culture, but also a source of amusement and pleasure. He has a peculiar charm: Prompted by his devotion to ornithology, Mr. LeMoine built himself an aviary and filled it with the beautiful creatures whose habits he loves to study, and appended to it a regular museum of natural history specimens, as well as an extensive collection of books, old time engravings and curios connected with the history of Canada.

In concluding my sketch of Mr. LeMoine, I use the language and endorse the sentiment of a paragraph which I find in the *Cyclopaedia of Canadian Biography*, as follows: "He has had the good fortune to handle Canadian history and its burning questions of creed, race, etc., with so much impartiality that rarely have his views been challenged."

One wonders how and when he could have found time to treat of so many subjects. . . . Hospitable, genial and courteous, without a particle of literary jealousy, he is respected for his talents, and beloved for his large heart."

"I love Quebec for these good reasons, one, Her matchless beauty that so takes the eye, Her famous history in the years gone by— And last, for sake of him, her worthy son, Born of her bone, whose facile pen has run Through tomes of legendary lore that vie With what the world love best; and so love I Quebec for these good reasons, and upon The plinth of Wolfe and Montcalm lay my hand, And call to witness all the varied land Seen from the lofty capes embattled coigne, Mountain and vale and river, ideas that gleam Resplendent with the memories that beam Upon them from the pages of LeMoine."

GEO. M. FAIRBANKS, JR.

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Several articles intended for this issue have been crowded out. We must either enlarge the capacity of the paper or curtail advertising space.